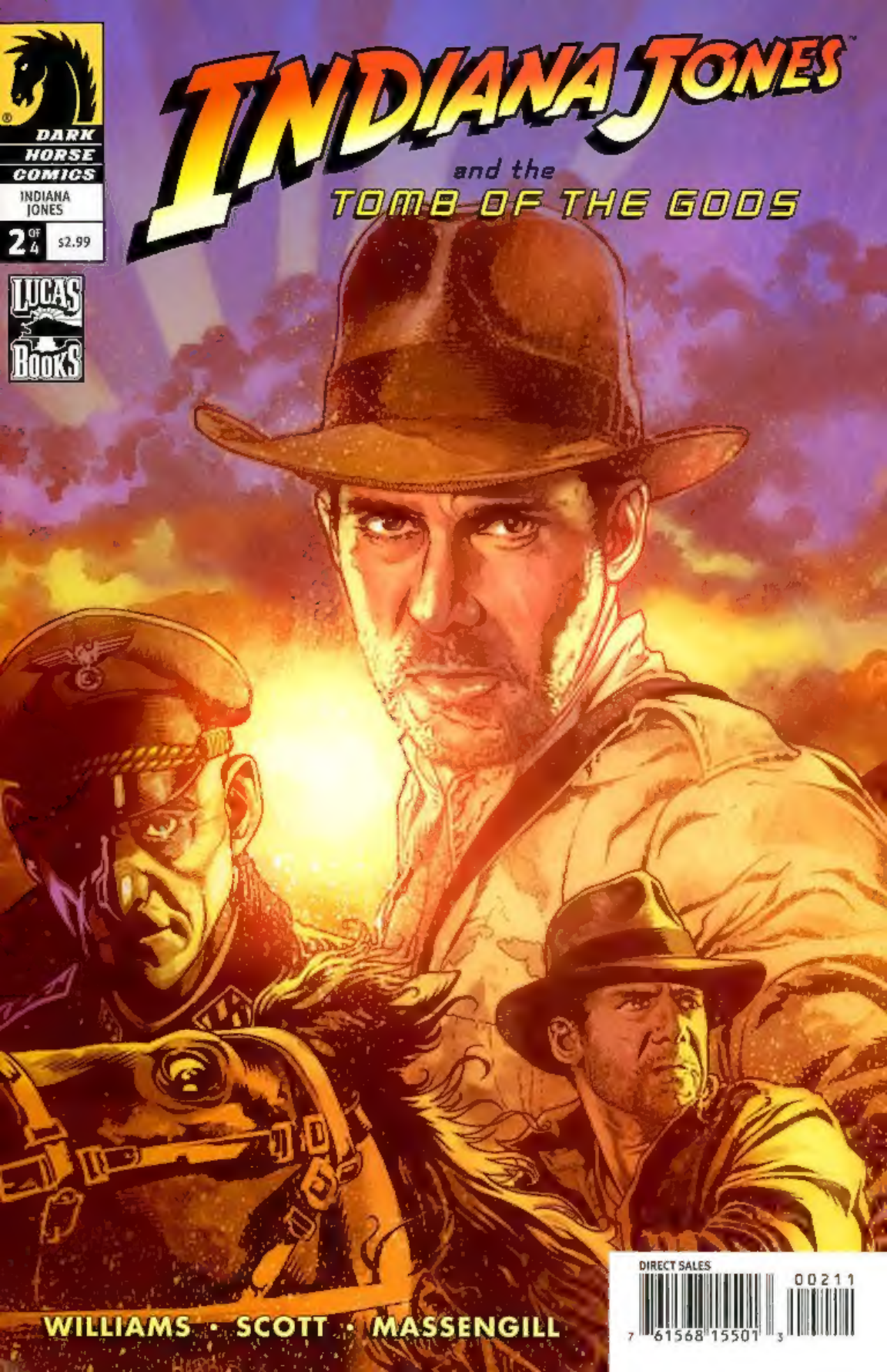
DARK HORSE COMICS
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2 OF 4
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INDIANA JONES
and the
TOMB OF THE GODS
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INDIANA JONES and the TOMB OF THE GODS

WALTON JONES
JERSEY, U.S.A.
JUL 1, 1899
BROWN
BROWN
AUG 28 1932

U.S. IMMIGRATION

STORY
ROB WILLIAMS

COLORS
MICHAEL ATIYEH

PENCILS
STEVE SCOTT

LETTERS
MICHAEL HEISLER

INKS
NATHAN MASSENGILL

COVER
TONY HARRIS

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12 JUNE 1938 上海 SHANGHAI

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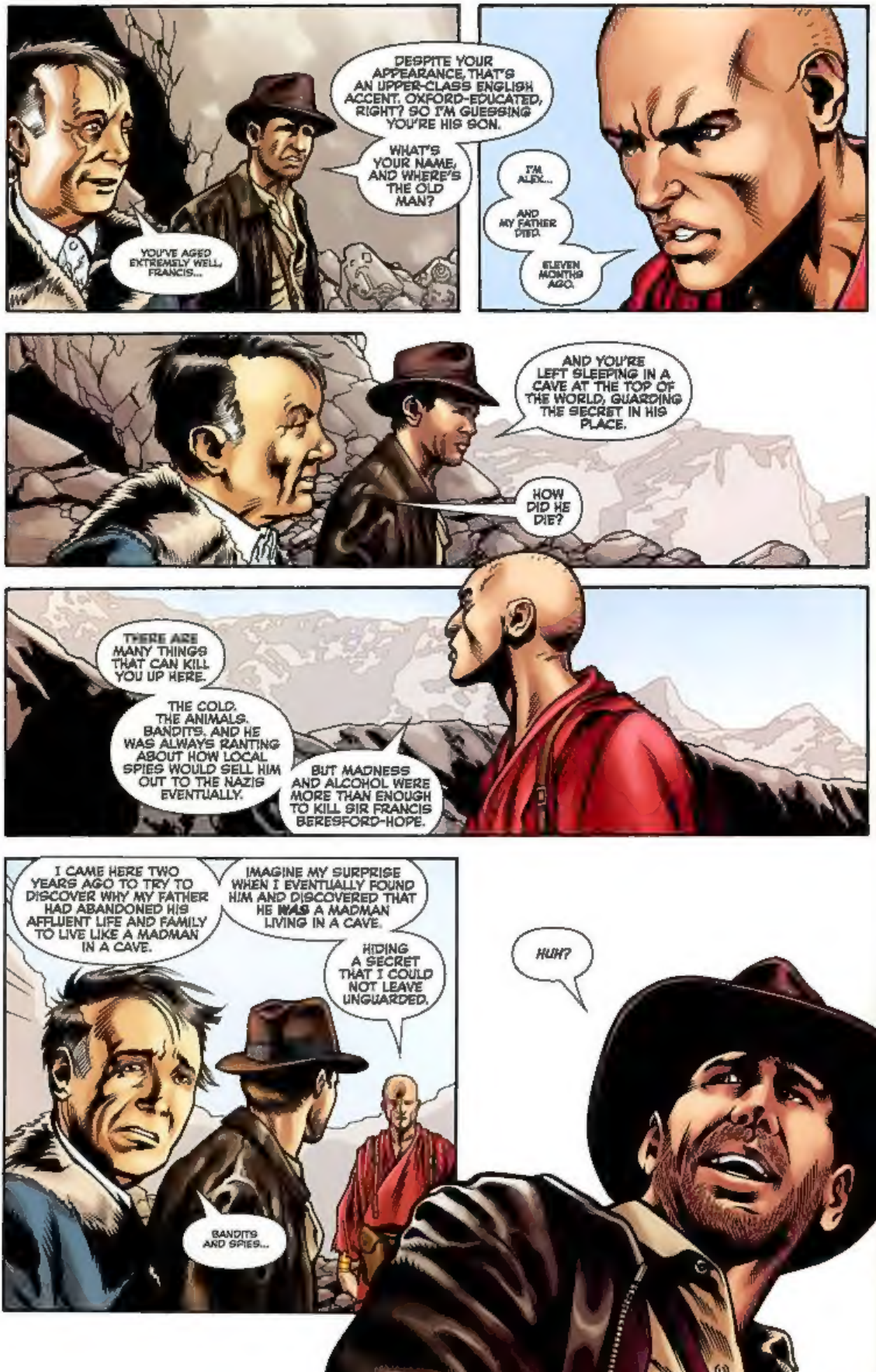
PRINTED IN CANADA

TIBET.
COUGH
COUGH
WE SURRENDER.
PLEASE. MY FRIEND...
MY FRIEND IS BADLY HURT...
GOOD.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO JOIN HIM.
THWWWIIIIPP

BANG!
DON'T...
IF HE MOVES, SHOOT HIM.
WITH THE THIN END.
YES...
YOU BLEW MY HAT OFF.
I HATE THAT.

AND CONGRATULATIONS, YOU BLEW THE HELL OUT OF THE CAVE TOO.
THE CARVINGS?
GONE, MOST OF THEM.
WE WOULD'VE BEEN TOO IF IT WASN'T FOR SOME HEAVY BOULDERS TO DIVE BEHIND.
YOU NAZI BASTARDS WILL NEVER FIND IT NOW.
SO JUST KILL ME AND GO HOME, EH?
WELL...
YOU'VE FOUND HIM.
WE SOUND GERMAN TO YOU, KID?
MY DEAR BOY, WE CAME HERE TO TRY AND STOP THE NAZIS.
HENRIK MELLBERG SENT US. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN CALLED BERESFORD-HOPE.


YOU'VE AGED EXTREMELY WELL, FRANCIS...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, AND WHERE'S THE OLD MAN?
DESPITE YOUR APPEARANCE, THAT'S AN UPPER-CLASS ENGLISH ACCENT. OXFORD-EDUCATED, RIGHT? SO I'M GUESSING YOU'RE HIS SON.
I'M ALEX...
AND MY FATHER DIED.
ELEVEN MONTHS AGO.
AND YOU'RE LEFT SLEEPING IN A CAVE AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD, GUARDING THE SECRET IN HIS PLACE.
HOW DID HE DIE?
THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT CAN KILL YOU UP HERE.
THE COLD. THE ANIMALS. BANDITS. AND HE WAS ALWAYS RANTING ABOUT HOW LOCAL SPIES WOULD SELL HIM OUT TO THE NAZIS EVENTUALLY.
BUT MADNESS AND ALCOHOL WERE MORE THAN ENOUGH TO KILL SIR FRANCIS BERESFORD-HOPE.
I CAME HERE TWO YEARS AGO TO TRY TO DISCOVER WHY MY FATHER HAD ABANDONED HIS AFFLUENT LIFE AND FAMILY TO LIVE LIKE A MADMAN IN A CAVE.
IMAGINE MY SURPRISE WHEN I EVENTUALLY FOUND HIM AND DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS A MADMAN LIVING IN A CAVE.
HIDING A SECRET THAT I COULD NOT LEAVE UNGUARDED.
BANDITS AND SPIES...
HUH?

BANDITS AND SPIES.
RUN.
RUN.
The End of All Things

I AM AT PEACE...
JOCK!
I AM AT PEACE LIKE A BIG SHINY-HEADED TIBETAN MONK...
START THE ENGINES!
HAVEN'T FELT THIS RELAXED IN YEARS.
JOCK!
IT'S THE FRESH AIR, I'M TELLING YA.
START THE ENGINES!
HUH?

START THE ENGINES, JOCK!!
ALWAYS THE SAME WITH THIS GUY...

WHHHHHHHHHH
081
JUMP, MARCUS!
I'M NOT QUITE AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE, INDY!
HEY!
UH...
THAT'S KINDA BIG...
I MUST'VE MISSED THAT WHEN WE LANDED.

KERRASSH!
WOAH!
YOU'RE IN!
FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS! END OF THE RUNWAY'S COMING UP!
WE ARE OUTTA HERE.
GREAT
THANK HEAVENS.
GOOD RIDDANCE
(HELP!)

HELLO
AAAAAAAAAAAH!!
YEAH, THAT'D BE RIGHT
NOW THE ENGINES CUT OUT
YOU KNOW THAT FEELING OF PEACE I WAS TALKING ABOUT?

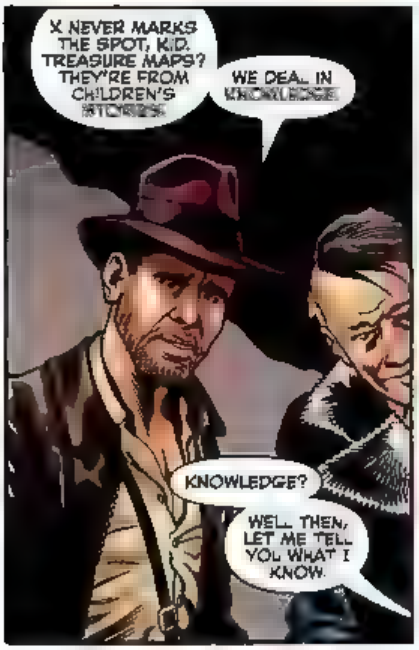
AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
START THE ENGINES
WITH INCISIVE ADVICE LIKE THAT I CAN SEE WHY HE'S A COLLEGE PROFESSOR
C'MON
CLICK!

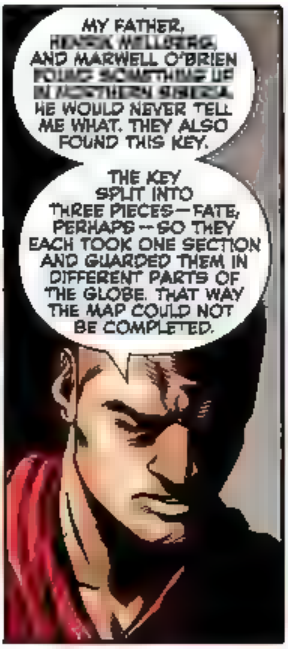
RRRRRROOOOWW
HAHA HAHA HA!
CRAP..
WE DIDN'T GET THE THIRD PART OF THE KEY.

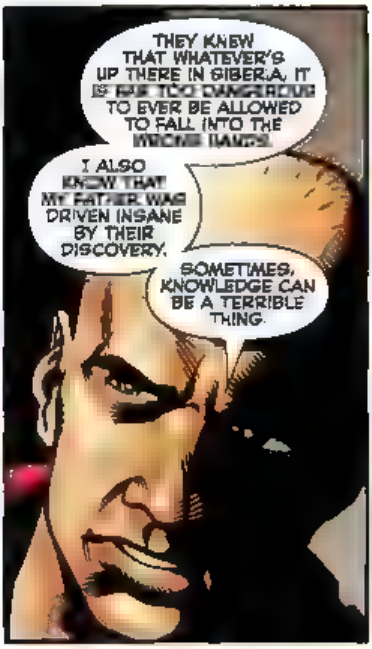
WELL...
MY FATHER'S LAST WORDS WERE "NEVER LEAVE IT UNGUARDED."
LUCKY FOR YOU, I LISTENED TO HIM FOR ONCE.
NO?
MY GOD

YOU SEE, MARCUS. IT'S LIKE NOTHING WE'VE EVER STUDIED BEFORE. THE MARKINGS. THE HIEROGLYPHS.

AND THIS STRONG LINE HERE. IT ALMOST LOOKS LIKE A--
IT'S A MAP. OF THE NORTH SIBERIAN COAST.


X NEVER MARKS THE SPOT, KID. TREASURE MAPS? THEY'RE FROM CHILDREN'S STORIES.
WE DEAL IN KNOWLEDGE.
KNOWLEDGE?
WELL THEN, LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW.


MY FATHER, HENRIK HELLBERG, AND MARWELL O'BRIEN FOUND SOMETHING UP IN NORTHERN SIBERIA. HE WOULD NEVER TELL ME WHAT. THEY ALSO FOUND THIS KEY.
THE KEY SPLIT INTO THREE PIECES—FATE, PERHAPS—SO THEY EACH TOOK ONE SECTION AND GUARDED THEM IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE GLOBE. THAT WAY THE MAP COULD NOT BE COMPLETED.


THEY KNEW THAT WHATEVER'S UP THERE IN SIBERIA, IT IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS TO EVER BE ALLOWED TO FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
I ALSO KNOW THAT MY FATHER WAS DRIVEN INSANE BY THEIR DISCOVERY.
SOMETIMES, KNOWLEDGE CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING.

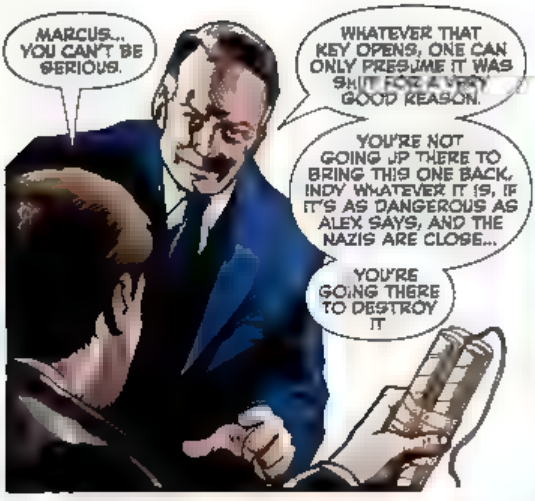
WHAT IF THE NAZIS HAD THE OTHER TWO PARTS OF THE KEY? COULD THAT TAKE THEM TO WHATEVER YOUR FATHER AND THE OTHERS DISCOVERED?
IF X MARKS THE SPOT, YOU MEAN?
IT COULD GET THEM DANGEROUSLY CLOSE
"WELL THEN.
"I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BEAT THEM TO IT."
QINGHAI
SHAANXI
HENAN
TIBET
Changjing
Changsha
Nanchang
HUNAN
GUIZHOU
Guyang
Kunming
FUJIAN
Fuzhou
Taipei
GUANGDONG
SHANGHAI, CHINA.

"I'M WORRIED, INDY."

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE ME THE SPEECH, ARE YOU, MARCUS?
RELAX, YOU'RE NOT EVEN COMING. SOMEONE NEEDS TO STAY HERE AND COORDINATE ALL THIS WITH THE UNIVERSITY, AND COORDINATING'S YOUR THING.
THIS IS MINE.

YES...YOU'VE HARDLY EMERGED FROM THIS ROOM SINCE WE ARRIVED HERE.
I'VE BEEN TO SHANGHAI BEFORE THIS. THIS IS NEW.
INDIANA.

LOOK, NO ONE'S *EVER* SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, MARCUS. NOT ABNER, NOT FORRESTAL, NO ONE.
WE'VE ALWAYS STUDIED THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. BUT THIS IS A *NEW* HISTORY.
AND **WE** CAN BE THE ONES TO WRITE IT.


MARCUS... YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS.
WHATEVER THAT KEY OPENS, ONE CAN ONLY PRESUME IT WAS SHUT FOR A VERY GOOD REASON.
YOU'RE NOT GOING UP THERE TO BRING THIS ONE BACK, INDY. WHATEVER IT IS, IF IT'S AS DANGEROUS AS ALEX SAYS, AND THE NAZIS ARE CLOSE...
YOU'RE GOING THERE TO DESTROY IT

THAT'S NOT WHAT WE DO, MARCUS
WE UNCOVER SECRETS. WE INCREASE KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING. WE BRING HISTORY TO LIFE

BUT WE DON'T WRITE IT
THIS ISN'T ABOUT FORTUNE AND GLORY
PLEASE, INDY

BLAST

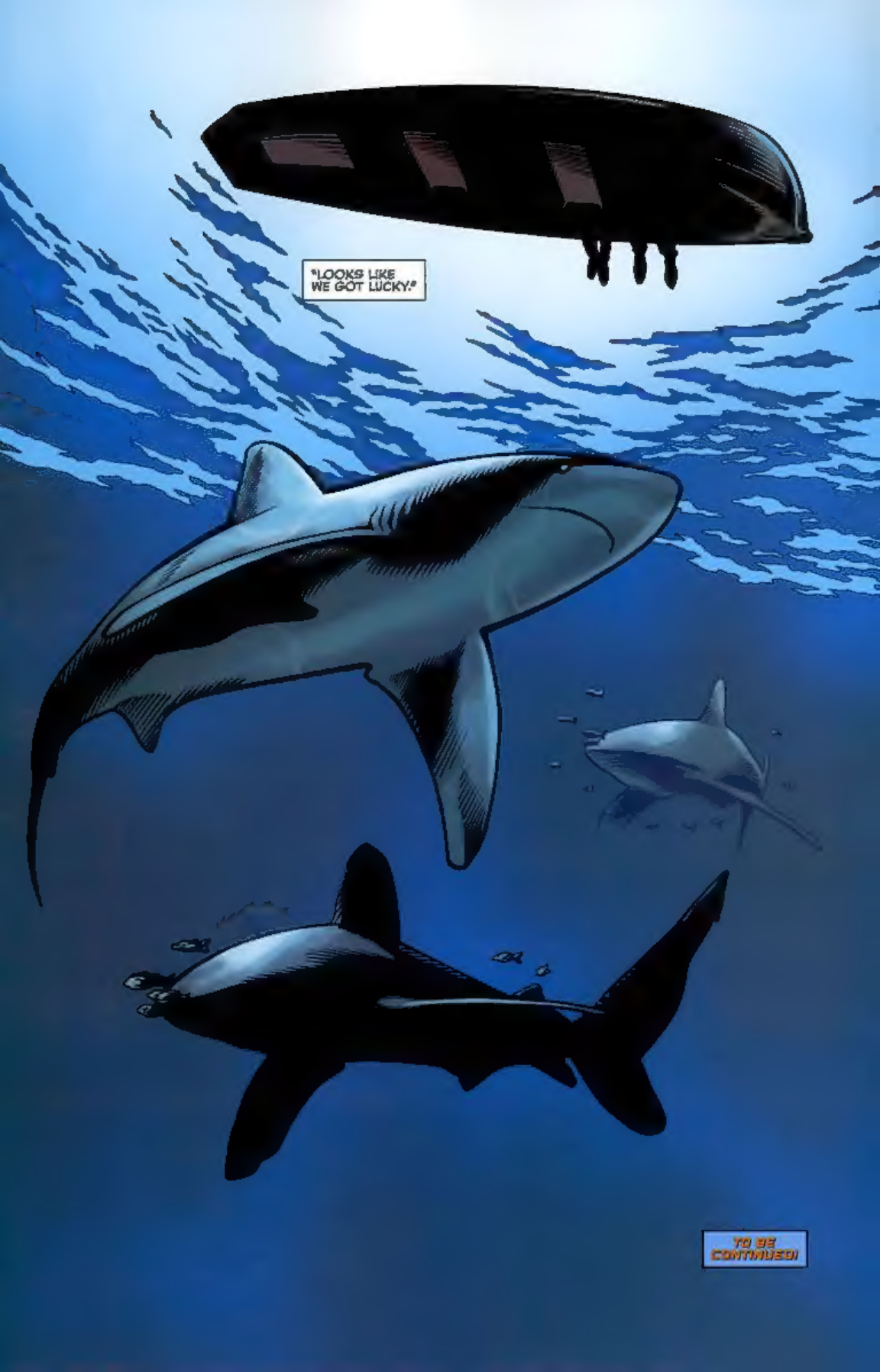
YOU SURE ABOUT THIS? WE'VE GOT TO MAKE PORT IN JAPAN, HEADING NORTH. COULD DROP YOU OFF THERE.
I'VE BEEN LIVING IN A CAVE EATING YAK MEAT FOR TWO YEARS, DR. JONES. I EVEN BECAME A BUDDHIST MONK FOR A WHILE, BUT THE FASHION SENSE DIDN'T REALLY TAKE
AND FOR ALL THAT TIME I'VE DONE LITTLE ELSE BUT STUDY THOSE MARKINGS. SO I'LL BE BUGGERED IF I'M GOING TO LET A BUNCH OF NAZIS GET THEIR HANDS ON IT NOW.
BESIDES..
I REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S HIDDEN UP THERE
YEAH
CHINA
Sea of Japan
Yellow Sea
JAPAN
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
"I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN."
HEY, ALEX, I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT THE UNDERSIDE HIEROGLYPHS AGAIN AND I THINK YOU MIGHT BE WRONG ABOUT THE..
UH
OR, YOU COULD BE RIGHT
EITHER WAY

I LIKE THIS OUTFIT BETTER THAN THE COLLEGE TWEED. BUT, I GOTTA ASK...
IS THERE A LOT OF CALL FOR LION TAMERS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC? GEOGRAPHY MAY NOT BE YOUR STRONG SUIT
YOU!
YEP. ME POINTS FOR OBSERVATION
I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T *WITH THEM.*
I WASN'T BUT THEY MADE ME A HELL OF AN OFFER. AND A GIRL'S GOTTA EAT CAVIAR, RIGHT?
MISS JANICE DE ROI HAS BEEN HELPING US STUDY THE OTHER TWO PARTS OF THE KEY, DR. JONES.
AND NOW, WE HAVE ALL THREE.
SEARCH HIS QUARTERS FIND IT!
HOW'D YOU GET ON BOARD, VON HASSELL?
OUR FÜHRER HAS EYES AND EARS IN EVERY PORT, DR. JONES. AND A SHIP'S CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW CAN BE BOUGHT FOR THE RIGHT PRICE
YOU SHOULD HAVE PAID ATTENTION BACK IN JAPAN. AFTER ALL, IT BEHOOVES AN EXPEDITION LEADER TO BE AWARE OF WHAT IS BEING LOADED ONTO HIS SHIP
SOME ILLICIT CARGO CAN BE HIGHLY DANGEROUS.
SO THEN, WHAT TO DO WITH YOU..

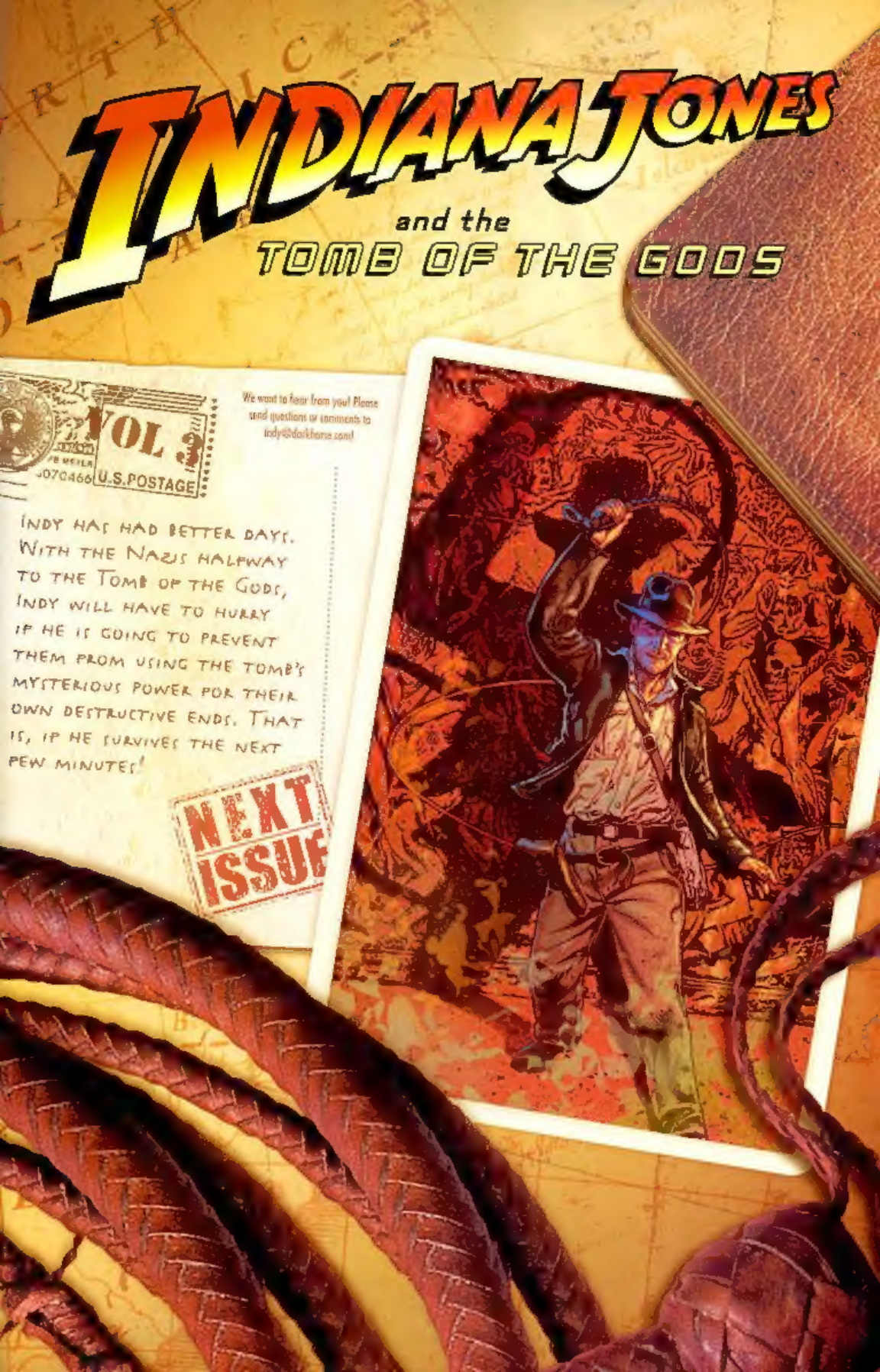
AND IS SEVERAL DAYS AWAY
IF YOU HAD ANY OARS, THAT IS.
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU PEOPLE GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR
COME NOW, DR JONES. LET'S NOT MAKE THIS PERSONAL. THIS IS A QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE, SOMETHING I'M SURE THAT YOU RESPECT
IT IS UNFORTUNATE, NOW THAT WE HAVE THE KEY, THE MAP, AND MR. BERESFORD-HOPE TO GUIDE US, YOU HAVE NO MORE KNOWLEDGE TO GIVE.
AND, SADLY, THE SAME GOES FOR MISS LE ROI.
HUH?
AHHHH!

SPLASH
IT'S OKAY, I'VE GOT YOU...
IT'S OKAY IT'S...
UH...
NOT OKAY
REALLY NOT OKAY
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
UH...WHAT DID THE BOAT EVER DO TO YOU?
MISS LE ROI SEEMS TO BE BLEEDING QUITE BADLY. THIS IS THE PACIFIC OCEAN, DR. JONES. YOU DO KNOW HOW MANY SHARKS CALL THIS PART OF THE WORLD HOME?

HISTORY IS LIKE THE SHARK-- IT HAS NO MERCY AND MOVES EVER FORWARD, AS MUST WE.
AUF WIEDERSEHEN, DR. JONES. IT APPEARS I HAVE A DATE TO KEEP WITH DESTINY.
CRAP.
YOU AWAKE?
UH-HUH.
HOW'S THE BLEEDING?
I THINK TYING IT OFF HELPED IT.
YEAH?


"LOOKS LIKE WE GOT LUCKY."
TO BE CONTINUED!

INDIANA JONES and the TOMB OF THE GODS


VOL 3
U.S.POSTAGE
We want to hear from you! Please send questions or comments to indy@darkhorse.com!
INDY HAS HAD BETTER DAYS. WITH THE NAZIS HALFWAY TO THE TOMB OF THE GODS, INDY WILL HAVE TO HURRY IF HE IS GOING TO PREVENT THEM FROM USING THE TOMB'S MYSTERIOUS POWER FOR THEIR OWN DESTRUCTIVE ENDS. THAT IS, IF HE SURVIVES THE NEXT FEW MINUTES!
NEXT ISSUE

DISCOVER DARK HORSE HORSEPOWER

SEPTEMBER 2008

A STRANGE THING HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY . . . I was sitting in front of my computer, minding my own business, reading webcomics. I had a smile on my face and a bounce in my knee. All was right with the world. Suddenly, out of nowhere, three old men burst into my office. "What in tarnation are you doin'!" bellowed the one that looked like an old-timey prospector.

"Look at him! Wasting his time on that television-typewriter! He's just a procrastinator!" growled the old-age pensioner in a fishing cap. "In my day we didn't have time for e-lec-tronic, tube-delivered tomfoolery such as this! When we had work to do we did it! We didn't fart around on the internets readin' comical strips!" spit the third angry grandpa as he poked me with his cane.

"What's your problem?" I shot back. "How'd you get in my office?!"

"You're wasting your time with those webcomics, young feller. They ain't nothing but useless distraction, keeping you from being a productive member of society," said old-time prospector. "You don't know what you're talking about," I responded.

"Why I'll teach you some respect—" mumbled angry grandpa as he swung his cane at my head. I ducked as the old man in the fishing cap caught the cane just before it connected. "Well, how 'bout you explain it to us, sonny?" fishing cap said in a mocking tone.

"All right," I said, sitting up again. "I will." A few clicks of the mouse later I was at achewood.com. "Look here . . . This is the *Great Outdoor Fight* story arc on achewood.com." "Those look like *kitties!*" angry grandpa giggled.

"That's because they are," I said. "But don't let that fool you. Chris Onstad's story of three days, three acres, and three thousand men will teach you about the true meaning of friendship. Not to mention that *Achewood* was named time.com's top graphic novel of 2007."

"Okay, whipper-snapper, but that's only one! What else ya got?" questioned old-time prospector. "How about this one here," I said, clicking the link to slowwave.com. "This is a strip by Jesse Reklaw where he translates people's dreams into four panels of comics goodness!"

"There ain't nothing interesting about hearing other people's dreams!" admonished angry cane grandpa, smacking me upside the head. "Now hold on there a minute," old-time prospector interjected. "I find the study of the human subconscious through the interpretation of REM sleep to be a right fascinating subject!"

"Yeah, what he said," I replied, rubbing the welt on my scalp. "And there's also David Malki's *Wondermark*, Mitch Clem's *Nothing Nice to Say*, Scott Meyer's *Basic Instructions*, not to mention Nicholas Gurewitch's *Perry Bible Fellowship*. They're all just plain hilarious!" "I do like me a laugh now and again," cane grandpa whispered.

Then the three men became silent and a sadness washed over them. "What's wrong?" I questioned.

"We don't know how to use the Internet . . ." fishing cap said with a quiver in his voice.

"NO PROBLEM!" I shouted, almost killing angry cane grandpa. "Dark Horse has all these webcomics in good old-fashioned book form!" I got up and took copies of *Achewood: The Great Outdoor Fight*, *The Night of Your Life: A Slow Wave Collection*, and *The Perry Bible Fellowship Almanack* off my bookshelf and handed them to the elderly gentlemen. "Take these and enjoy them," I said showing them gently out of my office.

"How can we thank you?" said fishing cap as the three looked at me apologetically.

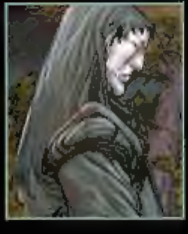
"Just don't be so quick to judge next time," I said with a smile. The three men then turned and walked away.

I smiled to myself as I closed my office door, locked it, and went back to wasting my time reading webcomics on the Internet.

Dave Land

Editor

DARK HORSE HEROES



Solomon Kane relaxes by taking lengthy walks in the woods. Alone. (He has no friends. It's sad.) When pressed for info on his ideal death, Kane believes [redacted] about how he'd like to go out—some might say in battle, but he says at peace. (Dirty hippie.)

Dark Horse employee **Matt Dryer** celebrates six years with the company! Yay, Matt! A lover of the comics medium, he enjoys the "delicate balance of the art and the writing." He is also a fan of scrambled eggs—preferably partnered with some bacon. Mmm . . . bacon . . .

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